

The  
**Missionary  
Helper**



PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY  
BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY

July \* 1885

PROVIDENCE R.I.

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# The Missionary Helper

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**Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.**

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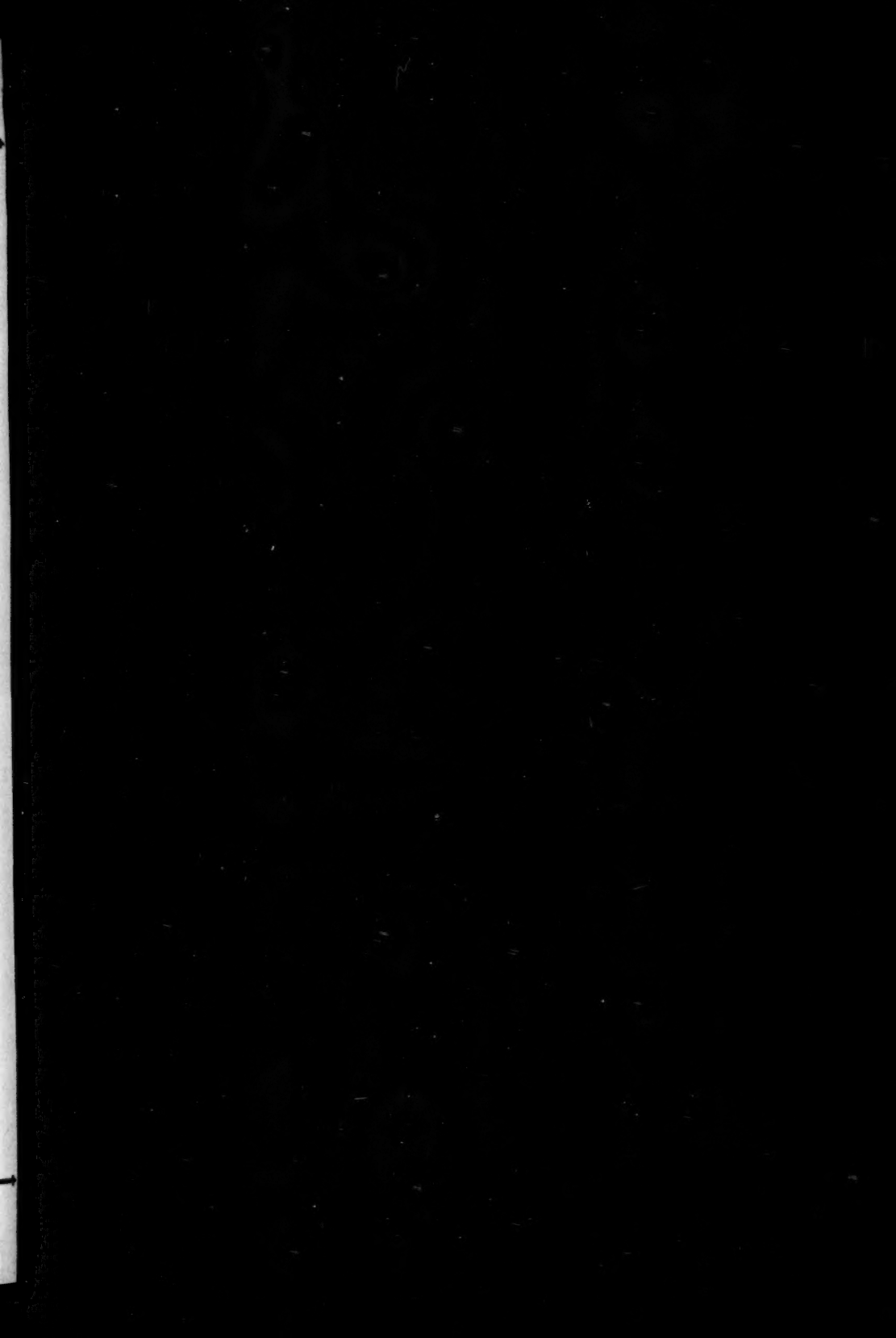
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**Mrs. J. M. BREWSTER, Editor and Agent,**

**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**







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BY THE

## FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S \* MISSIONARY \* SOCIETY.

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VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1885.

No. 7.

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THE International Missionary Union is an association of missionaries who have been engaged in foreign mission work. It was formed last year at Niagara Falls, and will hold its second meeting at the same place from July 28 to Aug. 7. It must afford a rare opportunity for missionaries, of whatever denomination or Board, to meet those who are or have been engaged in the same work. All returned missionaries will be hospitably entertained by the Camp Ground Association. Friends surely will see that our own faithful servants, now in this country, are not hindered from enjoying the rest and the inspiration of this occasion.

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THE correspondence in this number invites attention. The libraries opened for women at Midnapore and Balasore are the grateful results of Mrs. Griffin's energetic thought; Miss Phillips' excellent suggestion of opportunities will be re-read with profit; Mrs. George's first words will bring her and her new home near; while the bright picture of Harper's Ferry, by Miss Hayes, will awaken fresh thought regarding this historic place and our relations thereto.

DEAR reader, the Publication Committee want you to feel that this is your magazine, "to love and to cherish." They, with the editor, are doing what they can to make it worthy of its object and your patronage. Will you not help them with your best thought and energy? There should be not less than one thousand additional subscribers to begin with this July number.

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THE June number of the *Canadian Missionary Link* is devoted to the memory of the Rev. A. V. Timpany, the lamented missionary to the Telugus, stationed at Cocanada, India. He first sailed in 1867, a missionary of the Baptist Missionary Union. He died at his post suddenly in February last, at the age of forty-five. His death casts a gloom over the whole Telugu mission, for he loved this people and believed in them. The Telugu Chapel, the Girls' Dormitories, and the Mission boat, "Canadian," cuts of which illustrate this number of the *Link*, are mentioned as memorial of his faithfulness. His labors were abundant and God honored him.

During one of his visits home he planned with great perseverance the organization of the Woman's Missionary Societies of Ontario and Quebec. Mr. Timpany was a regular subscriber to the *HELPER*, and at one time contributed to its correspondence. All the world is kin in sympathy for the loss from earth of one of God's faithful servants.

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Is any one asking what shall be done with the quilts after they are made? Let us say to you, that there are rooms in Bates Theological Building which need furnishing. Cannot some one of our Auxiliaries, or several uniting, furnish one of these rooms in addition to the regular accepted work? Write to Miss Ida Fullonton, Lewiston, Me., for particulars. We ought to make our missionaries as comfortable as we may while they are getting ready for the fields waiting for them. The furnishing could be best done during these vacation weeks. Prompt action is better than delay.

## "None Has Come."

[BY MARY R. PHILLIPS.]

YES, Gordon has fallen, and the Soudan and Mahdi are no longer myths.

But is it not too true, that to many of our earnest Christians, our foreign stations in the jungle are about as real as the fabled lands of heathen mythology? Must more of our Gordons fall e'er they will be realities? Be it known we have had, and still have our Gordons in our Soudans. Women, brave and true as the fallen hero—rather risen hero—who, clinging with womanly trust to the All-powerful arm, are daily toiling on with heart and cheer, where you and I, my dear timid sister, would faint and fall.

Santipore! Oh, what memories of its one little Eden in the centre of a howling wilderness come to me! The dear old missionary home, with its lovely compound, sweet with roses and guarded by grand old trees which—as one of the occupants wrote the other day—"spread their great branches in constant benediction," is Eden, and the vast rice-field stretching to the very edge of the dark, dense jungle make the wilderness, though native villages, thickly settled, are scattered here and there. Isolation from society, proximity to malarial fields and Bengal tigers have their own compensations. The heavy work and heavier cares can be done and borne, but the *hope* placed in the home workers, long deferred, brings a heart sickness that is paralyzing, and makes one's very soul cry out, "Does no one care?"

Ohio workers, you little know with what fresh life and cheer you can infuse Santipore work by sending a few more prompt "V's" to your missionary. Had Gladstone's noble "peace policy" savored more of promptness, who can guess the results? Cannot the inspiring Quilting Band send the timely relief that will silence the Mahdis that plan and plot night and day in the Santipore Soudan?

One with your missionary in that field, rich with possibilities, bright in its every *lookout*, what a work you may do. Jellasure and Bhimpore none the less claim the tenderest, most timely action of the co-workers *here*. None but those who have tried it can tell the trials that come to the one alone at Jellasure. None but a mother caring for the little ones, black and white, twenty miles away from civilization

can tell the cares that come to Bhimpore. The workers just entering Chāndbāli are longing for immediate help. Let us lighten the burdens of the out-stations by promptly sending the gold and the silver. Remember Gordon's sad sentence that would touch a heart of stone: "How many times have I asked for relief and none has come." If we have at home no Gladstones, we have prompt workers, who to-day are thankful for the confidence the missionary, like her of the Ohio Association, see her *Star* letter, is putting in them, and are planning practical answers.

## The Tapestry Weavers.

### I.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—  
 From the way of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.  
 Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care.  
 The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.  
 They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding  
 weaver:

He works on the wrong side ever more, but works for the right  
 side ever,

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is tossed and turned,  
 And he sees his real handiwork — that his marvelous skill is  
 learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all its cost,  
 No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Thus the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise  
 as well.

And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own  
 can tell.

### II.

The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of  
 the sun,

Within we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving kindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate,

We may not see how the right side looks — we can only weave and  
 wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver has need to fear,  
 Only let him look clear into Heaven — the perfect pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight,  
 His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,

He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him, "Well  
 done!"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven to bear him hence shall  
 come down,

And God shall give him gold for his hire — not coin, but a fadeless  
 crown.—*The Orphans' Friend.*

## Medical Advancement.

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AN English correspondent of *The Woman's Journal* writes to that excellent paper from Twickenham, under recent date, these interesting facts regarding this subject.

"Medical Work for Women in India" was the subject of Dr. Francis Hoggan's lecture at the Bristol Exhibition of Women's Industries.

It is well known that from habit, tradition, and instinctive delicacy, the women of India refuse to see medical men. There is but one remedy for the suffering and loss of life which this causes. Women doctors are needed in almost unlimited numbers to administer to more than a hundred millions of their own sex in that country. Hitherto, in India as elsewhere, it has been up-hill work for women physicians to obtain full recognition. But now the government and intelligent natives have awakened to the claims of the zenana, and of the poor, for skilled medical aid.

In Bombay there is a Woman's Hospital, and about two years ago the committee for promoting this work engaged Dr. Edith Pechey and Dr. Charlotte Ellaby, fully qualified physicians, for that district. The necessary funds were given mainly by the natives, and large sums were contributed by Indian ladies.

In 1874 the Madras Medical College was opened to women. About four years ago, Mrs. Scharlieb, M. B., who had taken some of the highest medical honors at London University, went out, and has since been busily at work there. She now writes that the native hospital for women is in a fair way of completion. The enormous demand for professional aid may be gathered from the fact that in 1873, at Hyderabad, Dr. Nancy Monelle, an able American physician, who obtained an appointment there, treated over 10,000 patients in a single year. Miss Dora White, a licentiate of the Madras College, has succeeded Dr. Monelle, and is now carrying on her work at Hyderabad, and the Baptist Zenana Mission does medical work at Agra and Delhi.

The importance of training native women as midwives and doctors to supply this immense demand is very great, and now a class of woman students has at last found a place in all the Indian medical schools. These medical women, when fully qualified, are to be co-ordinate with the existing



medical service, and not subordinate to it, as midwives have been. In Calcutta, a Hindu lady, the generous Maharanee Surnomoyec, has lately given \$75,000 to found a hostel, or hall of residence, for native women students. The government has contributed ground for the building, and promotes this noble project, and Mr. Rivers Thompson, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, supports the movement for the medical education of women in that province, so that we may now regard the question as theoretically and officially settled; practical difficulties only remain to be overcome.

From the same *Journal* of later issue, it is learned that the first Chinese woman ever granted the degree of M. D. in this country, was one of the eleven women who were graduated from the Woman's Medical College, in New York, at its Seventeenth Annual Commencement, May 29th. Miss King is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and the adopted daughter of Dr. McCarter, for many years a resident of China. The *Journal* says that Dr. King will remain here for some time to further perfect herself, and will in time return to practice among her own country-women. The Chinese Consul, Ou Yang, was present to see his country-woman graduate.

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## Every-Day Work.

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[BY IDA HAZELTON.]

THERE were two unusually timely suggestions in the May number of our magazine. One was the article on "The One Woman," and the other on "Obligation," of which a single sentence was full of meaning; it was this, — "Christianity is an every-day business."

These two leading ideas are before me as I write, and placing the pithy article and the sentence quoted above side by side, I ask myself, "What peculiar talent does that 'one woman' possess who is able to form and sustain in her church by her own energy, a society out of what appears to be at the outset very unpromising material?" The practical answer is, I think, that she thoroughly believes it ought to be done, and so goes right about it as though it really were an every-day business."

While waiting at the dressmaker's the other day, a merry young friend of mine, who was revolving before the mirror

for a critical examination of the "fit" of her new pink basque, suddenly exclaimed, "I do think that housework is the most miserable business in the world. It's just getting breakfast and *washing the dishes*! and then getting dinner and *washing the dishes*! and then sitting down a few moments and up again and *washing the dishes*! The homely little illustration is also an expressive one. It teaches us just how this busy, every-day working world is carried along successfully. I'm afraid that if we should stop to consider the number of times that we robe and disrobe these mortal bodies of ours during a life-time, together with all the other duties found necessary every day to keep them in repair, we might be led to exclaim, "What a wearisomeness of the flesh, and what a monotonous life it is, after all!" But, happily, we are so made that these daily drudgeries often pass unnoticed. In the morning when we arise to prepare for the day, our minds are so full of the cares and anticipations of the coming day, that we never stop to think, Why I did this same thing yesterday, and the day before, and so on. And at night the thought of rest is so sweet that it is only a pleasure to perform the oft repeated task of laying aside, with all their associations with the busy day just past, the garments belonging to the day.

So I think it may be with doing and giving for the mission cause. Perhaps we shrink from the monotony of doing too much of it, and thinking of it too often. We can hardly conceive of it as becoming just like every other work-day duty; we set it apart for odd moments and rare occasions. Yet He whom we serve is able to sweeten monotony by variety, even in the Christian's missionary work. We could, I believe, forget that we were drudging and sacrificing for missions if we were to take it into our lives in some one of its various forms every day, putting it on with our other busy thoughts for the day, just as we do our morning wraps, and leaving it at night, just as we try to do with all our other cares, in the out-stretched, helpful hands of Jesus. There is no doubt but that these halting Christian lives of ours are made so because we do not understand fully how to make them easy, simple, and free.

"Christianity is an every-day business," and like our every-day garments and every-day thoughts must be worn so constantly as to make us forget that we are "trying" now and then to be Christians, in the larger fact that the glorious day has begun and there is so much to be done and to enjoy.

LEWISTON, Me.

## How a Quilt Helped a Missionary.

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A CHRISTIAN woman was laid aside from active usefulness, yet her hands still followed her heart in labors of love. Silk quilts amused and employed her time, shut in as she was not only from out-door life, but the pleasant variety of household duties. One quilt found its way to a distant mission-house in Turkey. Would it not be a comfort to somebody there? By and by it was heard from.

"I assure you," wrote the missionary lady, "your quilt was, is, and will be a joy to our hearts, as well as a very useful article in our house, filling a niche which has been empty for some time. When I reach home Sabbath morning from my large class of men, and a walk of twenty minutes up a steep hill, it is a real luxury to throw myself on the lounge for a few minutes and wrap such a thing of beauty over me; and I do not think it is all imagination that I rest faster because my eyes rest on its pretty colors; but I have a story to tell of good done in another direction. The week it came permission had just been received from the government to begin building for the sufferers by the great fire; and as our means are very limited compared with our needs, the pastor felt that, though the brethren, like others, could sincerely say, 'Silver and gold have I none,' yet it was very necessary to stir them to the giving of 'such as they had.' How to do it was the question. When your quilt came we had the answer. It was taken to the church, hung on the black mud wall, and the pastor, with your daughter's letter in his hand, saying that though aged and feeble you had 'done what you could,' urged every man, woman and child to come and do 'likewise.' Some could bring water; others, stone and mortar; the stronger could handle pick-axe and shovel; while the skilled could assist in building up the walls, or in preparing the timber. The result was not less than a hundred days' labor on the houses so far built, besides the free labor promised on those to be erected. We thank our Father every day for the beautiful quilt, and we know he will give you a hundred-fold joy for your work of love."

This is the way a quilt helped a missionary; and was not this pastor skilled in object-teaching? — *Exchange*.

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"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands."



## A Quilting Song.

[BY V. G. RAMSEY.]

HERE are the royal purple,  
The sunset's golden dyes,  
The crimson and the scarlet,  
And the blue of summer skies,  
The hues of birds and blossoms  
When June her charms unfurls,  
And tints as soft as moonlight,  
As pale as orient pearls.

Oh, give to each a message  
Of what the soul hath cost,  
Of the love that passeth knowledge,  
And send it to the lost!  
Let the crimson tell the story  
Of the passion of our Lord,  
And the purple show His glory  
And majesty abroad.

Let the golden hues of sunset  
His wondrous love proclaim,  
And the sapphire speak of pardon  
In His redeeming name;  
As all the rainbow colors  
Are blended in the white,  
So let each hue and shading  
In the wondrous tale unite.

Here weak and weary fingers  
Have wrought with loving care,  
And sewed the silken pieces  
With the golden thread of prayer;  
So while it sends its message  
Of Christ's love far and wide,  
It shall remain a blessing  
Wherever it abides.

NORTH BERWICK, Me.

IN their devotedness to missions the Moravians as a people are certainly to be commended and their example followed. From the *Lutheran Journal* are these facts:

The Moravians, though numbering only about 13,000 members, have 17 missions, 323 missionaries, 1,500 native assistants, and over 80,000 converts under instruction; 215 mission schools, with 283 teachers and 17,000 pupils. The annual cost of carrying on this work is \$250,000. This money is not all given by them, but the example of their liberality has stirred up others to aid them. Yet out of their poverty they give an average of \$5.19 per member.

## Correspondence.

[FROM LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN.]

### GOOD CHEER — LIBRARIES FOR WOMEN.

I CONFESS to you, dear HELPER readers, that I have had some compunctions of conscience for myself and others over the letters we write you of our work in India. Why? Because it is so natural to tell you of the encouraging things and to say little or nothing of the discouragements. We try, I trust, to tell the truth, but don't enjoy telling the whole truth. I sometimes think you must wonder, if these poor heathen listen so attentively, learn so rapidly, and say so eagerly "tell us more and more of this Saviour," why more are not converted. And some of you, like one good minister at home, may be ready to say as he said to me, "I think after all these years of work in India and *all the missionaries we have sent*, and all the money we have paid, the heathen out there ought to be converted by this time." Patience, my good friend; to "listen attentively" is not to obey, to learn rapidly is from the head and not the heart, and to long to hear more and more of Christ is only sometimes to accept him as a personal Saviour. Besides this, I venture to say that the number of missionaries — ministers — who could preach to these people in their own tongue "for all these years" has not averaged four at a time, and the people to be reached are counted by thousands and even millions. Then their utter ignorance of the Christian religion, their want of comprehension of a spiritual God and of an atonement, to say nothing of their believing it possible or accepting it,—the time and teaching this takes is more than we can explain. Besides this you have been told of active opposition and of what is harder to overcome, passive indifference and real stupidity, of the "chains of caste," and the power of superstitious fear, etc., all of which is hard to understand at such a distance.

And then, I confess, that a real encouraging day inspires our hearts to write you far more than the darker days, and so you hear of the few souls saved oftener than of the many for whom we labor year after year and who are lost at last. So remember the rays of light we send you *shine out of the darkness*, and the "good cheer" we speak of is needed to strengthen us amid trials and disappointments.

Perhaps our mission work as educational work is certainly most successful, but what we lack is spiritual power. We are succeeding better with the brains than with the souls of the people. Perhaps we should expect this at first, but hundreds of these people are now convinced. Shall they not be *converted*? Oh, how much we need "Holy Ghost men and women," preachers and evangelists from America and from our churches here to do personal spiritual work, and move these men and women and children. Brethren and sisters, are you *praying for us*, not simply at the missionary meetings and in the long Sunday morning pulpit prayer, but at your family altars and in your closets, that our churches here may be revived, and many precious souls saved from among the heathen? We need your prayers.

But what of the "good cheer" that sent me to you to share my joy with those in the dear home land as interested as myself. Have I told you at all of my library for women in Midnapore? I think not. I had never heard of a real circulating library for women in connection with zenana work, but the thought came to me from a Hindu babu in this way. I was talking with him about the education of women, and he said he thoroughly believed in it and wished their women could be taught as English women were, "but," he added, "if our women do learn to read they read such vile books that I almost think it is better to keep them ignorant." I said "men like you should not have vile books in your houses." "But our Hindu books are vile, and what else can our women get to read," he answered. Sure enough, what else can they get to read, these prison women in Hindu homes, unless some one takes them pure books, and what books but Christian books are pure, and who will take them there if we do not. A few days later I asked my native teacher to read Ramayan with me—the book I oftenest meet in the zenanas. But he refused flatly, saying, "I know it is too hard for you to read alone, but I cannot teach you the meaning of its morals. The book is not fit for a woman to read, and if you knew what was in it you would not ask me to teach it to you." And this is one of the sacred books of the Hindus.

Do you wonder that the desire grew within me for a good library for use in all the years to come in Midnapore until I decided it was a need which it was my duty to see supplied? So I asked God for the help, and it came, and my English

and native friends in India gave till I had when I left Midnapore over three hundred bound volumes, labeled and ready for use, and a librarian already at work taking the books not only to those now being taught, but to many who have learned to read in years gone by. Who can tell the good that these Christian books must do in the homes of Midnapore? Silent preachers of Christian truth they are. Most of the books are small, and all the better for that, for these women who have read so little would be discouraged with the prospect of a long book to be read through. No books are better received than the Gospels. Then there are little Christian story books, and books of the life of Christ, and Bible stories, and direct appeals, and books regarding the falseness of the Hindu religion, and the impossibility of salvation through idolatry, and some easy books of history and stories of animals and different countries and people, all of which must be helpful.

What a bitter trial it was for me to leave all these interesting departments of my precious work in Midnapore you can never know, but it seems to be an important part of a soldier's duty to obey orders, whether he can comprehend their wisdom or not, so I obeyed, and left my work to other hands, and came to Balasore.

Here I found the same need of a library, and I have begun the same work. But here we are among strangers, and where a new language must be learned, and new lines of work undertaken, so the study of the Oriya and the getting acquainted with the people, together with the care of the orphan boys that have been given into our charge, has taken most of our time. But the thought of the library has been cherished, and the prayer offered that God would open the way and give us the needed help. The first help, ten rupees, came from a Christian magistrate who was acting during the illness of our own magistrate. Then from some dear friends at home, who do not belong to our denomination, came a helpful "greenback," and now this letter comes that I copy for you. The writer, a wealthy Hindu Zemindar living here, the Hon. Baikuntha Nath De, is a member of the Legislative Council at Calcutta. He is also editor and proprietor of *The Mirror*, an Oriya local paper, published here. I met him first at the distribution of prizes at the Hindu girls' school here (begun through the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith many years ago), which is a large and flourishing school

under the charge of Hindus, and having one Hindu and one Christian teacher. I saw him again at the prize distribution for girls' schools in Miss Ida Phillips' care; he had given too for the buying of these prizes. These facts assured me that he was interested in the education of women. Then in a late number of his paper I saw a protest against the giving of the Ramayan as a prize to the boys in the Hindu boys' school, on account of its impure character and indecent language. So I wrote him of my desire to establish a library for women and girls, and asked his help, knowing too well how slow even these leading men are to *do* for the uplifting of their own women. I thought, "If he sends five rupees, I shall be satisfied, if ten, I shall be delighted, if none, I shall be disappointed." But the answer came which I copy for you, and my heart sang a doxology, not only for the help in rupees, but for the fact that this people are really beginning to help themselves and to recognize the good that is being done for them.

MY DEAR MADAM: I most cordially sympathize in your generous efforts to establish a circulating library for the benefit of the women and girls of Balasore. And the very fact that the idea of such a library is your own, is an ample guarantee that indecent literature will be sedulously discouraged. I cannot sufficiently express the gratitude which the country owes to the noble exertions of ladies like yourself for the social amelioration of our women. And it cannot but afford me very sincere pleasure to contribute my mite (Rs. 25) to the fund which you are raising for the formation of the library in question.

Yours very sincerely,

BAIKUNTHA NATH DE.

May 5, 1885.

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[FROM MRS. GEORGE.]

FIRST WORDS FROM HER NEW HOME.

. . . I wonder if the dear home friends can imagine with what eagerness we look forward to mail-day, and how gladly every bit of information concerning anything at home is received? Ever since coming here we have had much trouble in getting our home-mail. Now that all know we are located at Midnapore, I hope we shall have no trouble. Such a beautiful morning as it is! Everything seems so peaceful and quiet, with not a sound to be heard except the



singing of the birds and the ringing of a church-bell in the distance. As I sit here I can hardly imagine myself in a heathen city, much less that within a quarter of a mile, at the most, exists so much of wretchedness. Our compound is quite a distance from the bazaar and native villages, so we get none of the disagreeable smell and sounds that we otherwise would. Surely, our hearts ought to go out in gratitude to Him who has given us so pleasant a home, and the healthy surroundings that are so necessary in this country. . . . It surely is a great blessing to be able to do something towards leading these poor darkened souls to something better than they have yet known. May we very soon be prepared to do our part. Of course, as yet, we have done but little more than commence the foundation. It seems almost discouraging to think we have a language to learn before we can do much of anything as it should be done. Under the supervision of Dr. Phillips and Miss Coombs I am trying to do my duty by the Industrial School, but that of course is not possible, not understanding the language and the nature of the people, some of whom seem more like children than grown-up people. . . .

Baby has been wonderfully well ever since coming here. At first she was rather homesick and lonesome and did not seem like herself, but now that she has become accustomed to the dark faces she seems all right. She seems imbued with quite a missionary spirit. Every day she holds prayer-meetings with old Bangoma, a heathen Santal woman, who does our sweeping. The poor old woman is obliged to go through with all the forms, even though she does not understand what it all means. . . .

Pray for us here in India.

---

A DELIGHTFUL VISIT.

MY DEAR —: I am sure you would be interested in Harper's Ferry. I had known that it was an historic and romantic spot, but after seeing for myself I wonder that more has not been said of its charms. Not all, however, that claims the name of Harper's Ferry is charming. Being put off the cars just where the engine found it convenient to stop, regardless of platform, and the dirty little village about us, one might wonder what could be called charming about such a place. But soon after starting up the long hill to Storer College, feelings of admiration would surely be awakened.

Mountains to right of us,  
Mountains to left of us,  
Mountains in front of us,  
Valleys and rivers.

We realize that nature has poured out here with lavish hand both beauty and grandeur. That enterprise was once alive here is shown by the ruins of extensive brick buildings, which we take to be what remains of the armory made famous by John Brown's raid.

We are interested in the general appearance of things of man's construction, and are made to think of some old town in Europe. It does not surprise us to see cows feeding about at will; and we hesitate an instant as we pass sleeping pigs lying close to our path, but conclude they are more used to people than we are used to pigs, and so on we go.

When at length we reach Camp Hill, crowned by Storer College, we are charmed indeed. No words of mine can paint the picture. We are four hundred feet above the Shenandoah at our right, with the Potomac at our left, as we face Maryland Heights, a mile distant. From the top of these heights one can look into four different states, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. There are other heights all around us, with a break in the chain, however, giving a beautiful glimpse beyond.

Let me tell you one thing you must not fail to do when you visit Harper's Ferry; that is, ride around "the square." There are so many pleasant rides here! This one takes you out through Bolivar as far as the Lutheran cemetery, where you turn to the left and ride along between the Shenandoah at your right, and Camp Hill, four hundred feet above you, at the left. The rocks are so rugged and picturesque with the Virginia creeper clinging wherever it can get a chance, and saxifrage and stone crop peeping out from crevices here and there. Jefferson's Rock will be pointed out to you and you will resolve to mount that and drink in all you can of the river pronounced by Jefferson worth a trip across the Atlantic. The reflections in the Shenandoah are lovely. And the ruins on the island call forth a pitiful story of floods. Mrs. Lightner says she remembers when forty people were swept away in a single evening. There are other ruins, relics of the war.

I first saw the school at chapel exercises, and it was specially interesting, so many of the pupils together. There have been two hundred and fifty at times during the year, but the last part of the spring term is never full. There is in

the school now a young African chief, who until recently was a heathen. Hearing of the Episcopalian mission in Liberia, he went there to learn about "the one true God." Now he is an enthusiastic student of the Bible, and has come to this country that he may become fitted as rapidly as possible to teach his own people who are without any written language or any knowledge of the Bible.

All heads are now full of preparations for the approaching anniversaries.

Myrtle Hall, the girls' dormitory is very pleasant, and such grand views from all the windows! I was taken into several of the girls' rooms and found them cheerfully and tastefully arranged. The large general study and sitting-room was perfectly neat, too, and is graced with a specially handsome book-case, a gift from the Roger Williams Church, of Rhode Island. The books showed careful selection, but there is still considerable vacant space on the shelves.

I am sure you will be enthusiastic when you visit the school yourself. You will be impressed with the fact, which is apparent in so many ways, that Mr. and Mrs. Brackett have done and are doing a work that few could do so wisely and successfully. It was interesting as we rode to Charleston to see what marked respect all classes paid to Mr. Brackett. This was particularly significant from the fact that formerly all our northern teachers were utterly ignored by southern gentlemen.

LIZZIE A. HAYES.

HARPER'S FERRY, May 18, 1885.

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[LETTER FROM A NATIVE TEACHER IN INDIA. WRITTEN IN BENGALI AND TRANSLATED BY MISS COOMBS.]

*To Mrs. McKenney, Champlin, Minn.:*

Many, many greetings! I was very glad to receive your letter, and have read it attentively; and as I try to do my work, all those things about which you wrote help me very much. In whatever place I go to tell of the Gospel and the life-giving word of God, I publicly tell all the true words of Jesus in those places. I tell them as I have received, without price, so that they may receive the same and may know the true way of God. I advise them to leave the false religion and worship the true Jesus Christ. When I see no way open I go to God and pray with all my heart, and He opens the way. I have worked nine months, and I have been helped very much by the nine months' work.



I pray to God to make my work quickly successful ; this is my constant prayer. By that the will of God will be accomplished. When I go out of my house to work, then much joy rises up in my heart. When I get tired I go to Him, and He gives me courage, and strength, and wisdom. I especially ask that when you come together in your meetings you will all remember me in prayer that God will give me strength for my work.

I send to you all my loving greetings.

Your sister,

GERA.

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[FROM NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.]

TO THE HOME QUILTERS.

[This letter is copied from *The Morning Star* by request. It is worthy of several readings.]

You who are in the "Home Service" will, of course, be looking for "official returns" from the eastern wing of the Quilting Army.

First, a few words by way of introduction. Missionaries, like other people, have their times of being discouraged, you know. Mother's time and mine came when we were stationed in Santipore, where the work we *wanted* to do was to put the Christian village school on a good footing (to do which would require three additional teachers); to open a normal class in which we should prepare for work some of the young women of the village; to open an Industrial for the larger boys and girls; to start schools in the villages about, as the opportunity offered; and to keep the dispensary not merely open, but usefully active.

Why were we discouraged when we had so large opportunities for work? Simply because, for carrying on all we had hoped to begin, our only resources were \$50 working funds, sent annually from Ohio,—less than half the amount received at any other station.

We set about finding means to improve this state of things, and first sent to the Ohio ladies a request for an additional \$50, but with the obligations then on hand, they felt unable to promise it. We applied to government for a grant in aid of our village school, and although the application had all but one of the necessary signatures months ago, it still waits that signature, and whether we shall ever receive the aid re-

mains a matter of question. We next tried the Indian Mission Committee. They made a conditional promise of assistance, but their own funds being limited, and the conditions being the prior satisfaction of other claims, their promise thus far has availed us nothing.

In the meanwhile, what have we done? We could not think of allowing the Christian children who should be under preparation as future workers to suffer for the want of good schools, and we are glad to report the village school on a good footing. This has been accomplished at an expense, however, which cannot be long sustained in absence of government or other aid. We have kept in operation constantly one or more outside schools, but have been entirely unable to occupy the places ready for us.

The Industrial is doing good work in the sewing department, but for lack of money we have undertaken little else. The dispensary had a small balance in hand from sale of medicines when we came from Dantoon; but in a country station like Santipore, I find the expenses greater and the income less than in town. Added to this, the gharry which did service for visiting patients in Dantoon is utterly useless among these trackless rice fields, and there was no money to buy a palanquin. This of course left the medical department to work at a disadvantage. The normal class we have not so much as attempted.

But all this while we did not forget the other than human aid. Sometimes, "the way by the Throne" to the hearts and pockets of our friends seems a long one, but I am satisfied that 'tis sure, and for *bringing a reply*, much more reliable than the ocean route by mail steamers. Indeed the two routes seem mutually helpful, for within the last few months the steamers are bringing back the replies to those messages sent by the Throne.

And now comes the encouraging part of my story. The first reply was a "V" for the Industrial from a college roommate that I had not seen for years. The second was an offer to pay for the much-needed palanquin. This came from Bath, Mich. Then came from various Ohio friends the promise that the lacking fifty should, if possible, be made up by special gifts. This promise was followed — almost preceded — by the beginning of its fulfillment when Mrs. Reeder's "Quilting Army" appeared with the first ten dollars of the real relief fund, while Mrs. Coe's report in the last *Star*

(March 5) brings the sum up to more than half the amount promised.

How many, *many* thanks both to you and to Him who has led you in the work. Thanks because unlike Gladstone's ministry, you have sent the advance guard with relief before our little garrison of workers has been starved out or betrayed to the enemy.

And now don't, I entreat you, listen to the "opposition," or be influenced by any "vote of censure" which any one may pass upon your aggressive foreign policy. Push on the relief force faster and faster. Our Mahdi is as determined an enemy as the one in the Soudan. We are bound to stick to the garrison, whatever the result. Let us entreat you for the relief which will make the issue of the conflict victory and not surrender.

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

SANTIPORE, April 18, 1885.

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### Reminiscences of Free Baptist India Mission. — Statement.

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SOME months since a prospectus for publishing Mrs. Hills' *Reminiscences of our India Mission* was issued. At that time it was expected that the book would contain only 250 pages, and the price to subscribers for the same was affixed at \$1 per copy. It was thought this price would cover the cost of publishing. Some three hundred names were forwarded. Meantime the work, in its preparation for the press, assumed larger proportions, as many important facts were added for the purpose of making it more historic, and bringing the work down to a recent date. This, with a map prepared expressly for the book, the portraits of the missionaries in a better and more satisfactory class of work, and other illustrations, have largely and necessarily increased the expense, making the price offered in the prospectus less than the cost. After a careful estimate, it is agreed that it cannot be afforded for less than \$1.50 per copy. Several of those subscribing have expressed a wish to pay the advanced price. The publishers have decided, however, to offer the book during the month of July for the former price. The work is in press, and it is expected it will be ready for delivery by the 1st of August.

Mrs. A. R. BRADBURY,

*Secretary Publication Committee.*

## For the Young People.

### A Bit of Chinese Mythology.

ONCE upon a time the Golden Cow Star descended to the earth and became a cow, the property of two brothers. The younger of these was her herdsman. One day in the pasture this cow said to the herdsman, "Your brother's wife is tired of you and would like you to leave." The herdsman was greatly alarmed at hearing a cow speak, but she comforted him, saying, "Fear not; I am a divine cow and I am your friend. Your brother's wife will surely drive you away, but do not be grieved or anxious. When you and your brother divide the estate, choose me for your portion and ask nothing more. I will take care of you."

When he returned to the house, sure enough, his sister proposed that the brothers divide the family inheritance and separate. He consented, expressed his sorrow that he had not been able to serve them better, and added, "As I have been of so little use, I will be quite content with the old cow I have herded so long as my share of the estate." They were only too glad to retain so large a share of the property for themselves, and cheerfully gave him the cow and bade him farewell.

The divine cow led the herdsman to the banks of the River of Heaven (the Milky Way). There he saw many maidens bathing in the river. When they saw the maidens the divine cow told the herdsman she would eat up a suit of their clothes, and as the owner could not return to heaven without them, he could secure her for a wife. The clothes she ate belonged to the Skillful Sister, so called because she was very successful in weaving, spinning and sewing. As she could not return to heaven without her black clothes, she consented to become the herdsman's wife. After the wedding the cow told the herdsman she had not eaten the clothes, but had hidden them in a safe place, and that he should return them to his wife as soon as she had become fully reconciled to her lot. She was for a long time very discontented.

After two children had been born her husband felt quite sure she would not leave them, and he returned to her the stolen clothes. She immediately put them on and started for her old home in heaven. Her husband ran after her leading

a child by each hand. Seeing that he was about to overtake her, she took out of her hair a long pin and scored the ground behind her. The mark became a great river (the Milky Way) which he could not cross. In grief and anger he pulled the halter off his cow and threw at her, but being agitated he could not throw straight and failed to hit her.

Lyra, on the west border of the Milky Way, is the herdsman. The two smaller stars to the east and south, making with it an equilateral triangle, are the children. Deneb, in the Swan, east of the Milky Way, is Skillful Sister, and Job's Coffin, far to the south of her, is the halter her husband threw at her. They may all be seen any bright evening in August or September. Skillful Sister is obliged to spend part of every summer with her family, and do up the year's work, and the heavy rains of summer are the tears she sheds over her hard work. The magpies are required to build a bridge over the river for her, and this toil is the cause of their shedding their feathers every summer. The seventh day of the seventh month is the day of her release from hard work and return to heaven.

In one part of China it is believed that the herdsman borrowed a large sum of money from Shongte, the chief of the gods, to defray the expenses of his wedding. Because he failed to repay this money, Shongte separated him from his wife, compelling him to live on the west side of the River of Heaven and his wife on the east side. They are allowed to meet but for one day in the year. This meeting occurs on the seventh day of the seventh month (about August 10th), which is in the midst of the rainy season in North China. The heavy rains that fall at that time are said to be the floods of tears shed by this couple at their sad parting.

There are also other versions of these stories, but whatever story is believed, the people think that this particular day is a joyful one for the Skillful Sister, and that while she is happy she is most ready to grant favors, therefore this day is set apart for her worship. Girls and young women are the worshipers. They hang up a picture of the Skillful Sister in the best room and spread out before it offerings of fruit and melons, make prostrations, and chant songs of praise and prayer to her. The burden of their songs is, "Oh, Skillful Sister! eat my offerings and impart to me a share of your superabundant skill and ingenuity." They keep time to their songs by a clapping of hands, as American children play "Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold." After



the worship they try, by swimming sprouted grain on bowls of water, whether their prayers have been heard. If the little sprouts arrange themselves in certain shapes, their prayers will be answered, if in other shapes they will not be answered. Alas! they do not know that God says, "In the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make the cloths of service, and the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons."—*Selected.*

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## Our Finances.

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AT the close of the third quarter of the year, or May 31, we sent a statement to *The Morning Star* and *The Free Baptist*, of the financial condition of the Woman's Society. Without doubt many of its membership have read this statement, which, in brief, is that the appropriations for the three quarters exceeded the receipts for the same time by about \$368, and that, in order to close the year with all bills paid, the contributions for the last quarter of the year, ending with August 31, should amount to at least \$1,532.

Already some earnest workers in one of our New Hampshire churches, in answer to this appeal, have made a special effort to increase the contributions of the Auxiliary to which they belong, and have succeeded. We hope this kind of interest will be repeated again and again, and that the deficit of May 31, with the appropriations for the last quarter of the year, will be promptly met, and our accounts be closed August 31, *with all bills paid*. Sisters of the Society, this is our faith, and will not *each* of us do our part in making faith and works one? A little *extra* effort, a little *extra* giving, will bring a blessing to us, will stimulate our interest, and will help the work. *May we give as the Lord wills.*

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

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## New Organizations.

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BAND.—"The Crystal Band," Auburn, R. I. Forty-two members, Ralph Waldo Bowen, President; Clara L. Reed, Secretary.

AUXILIARIES.—Four Mile Grove Church, Meriden, Ill. Grand View, Nebraska, organized May 24.

## Birthday Band.

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DEAR SISTERS: Will you at the annual and quarterly meetings present the plan adopted by our Central Association of New York and Pennsylvania? They have a Birthday Band, each member on each recurring birthday contributing for missions as many cents as years numbered. All who join the Band send their names to the Rev. J. Durkee, Batavia, N. Y. Each church or family has a box kept sacred for that purpose. I suggest that we all add the name of some departed one, and as each anniversary day rolls round, put into that box as many pennies as each would be years old had he or she lived. How could we remember those we love so well. I wish to be thus remembered when I am gone. As the quilting army is increasing let the birthday band increase, whole families joining, thus educating the little ones to forward the blessed Gospel. Can't it be made quite general in the denomination? There are but few families unable to do this much. May the Lord open our hearts and hands to devise liberal things.

JANE C. PERRY.

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## Question Box.

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AN earnest Christian woman asks why persons who have been made life-members of the mission societies, one or more of them, are so unwilling to take our denominational papers and periodicals, which she regards so interesting. The question is asked. Who will answer it?

The question is also asked if every life-member does not, pay the dollar annually the same as before being thus enrolled. Who will answer this important query?

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IN answer to the special effort to bring the fields and the workers near to every Free Baptist family through our publications, there are most gratifying responses. One writes: "I thought I could do no more, but the card aroused me, and I send you twelve names." Another says: "My field had been canvassed, as I thought, thoroughly, but I concluded to try again, and here are five new subscribers whom we hope will stay as regular readers year after year."

## Words from Home Workers.

### MAINE.

THE Woman's Missionary Society of the Cumberland Quarterly Meeting held a meeting at Groveville, Wednesday evening, May 27. The order of exercises was as follows: Singing, reading of Scripture, prayer, Secretary's report, original paper on India and our work there, by Deacon J. M. Plumber, of Portland; a letter from Mrs. Burkholder, read by Mrs. Plumber; singing; paper on "The Realities and Obstacles of Missionary Life," read by Mrs. Remick; a stirring missionary address by the Rev. J. W. Parsons, of Saco, and poems read by Mrs. Nellie Phinney and Miss Hattie Harmon. A collection was taken, amounting to \$3.67, and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. M. Bailey. The secretary's report showed real progress in the work of the Society, two strong auxiliaries having been lately formed, one at South Gorham, and one at South Windham, and a missionary band of seventy willing workers, in the Portland Society.

The business meeting in the forenoon was held in the grove near the church, and was well attended, and full of interest. We begin the new year with good courage.

### QUARTERLY MEETING SECRETARY.

### RHODE ISLAND.

Some weeks since, the Auxiliary at Pawtucket had an interesting informal experience meeting. It was held with Mrs. Frost, our pastor's wife. It was opened with Scripture reading and prayer. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mrs. Frost first spoke, giving a little of her experience, saying that when about the age of seventeen, she joined a society by invitation of an aged Christian lady to whom the cause of missions was especially dear. She was led to think about these matters, not from any promptings to duty other than a general desire to do good. For a number of years her interest had gradually developed, by thinking, reading, and mingling with those who have the work on their hearts, until she now regards the mission work as a grand privilege.

Clara Trumbull gave us her Christian experience as well as her waking up to a sense of her duty in respect to this cause. Her interest is steadily increasing, and she is willing to do what she can to advance the Lord's kingdom.

Hattie Chace said she was interested because she was named for the missionary, Harriet Newell.

Emma Wheeler thought that reading the *Morning Star* created an interest in her mind which has not abated.

Minnie Wheeler's attention was first drawn to the subject when she came to Pawtucket to live, and since she heard the Rev. Mr. George at the Association, nearly a year before. As week after



week rolls by, she finds her heart responding with more fullness of desire to do what she can.

Mrs. Monkhouse wished to be a missionary when very young, but when she gave her heart to the Lord, it seemed that there was other work for her. To help those who do go is her pleasure now.

The visit of Dr. Bachelor to our church years ago, impressed Julia Fuller. He visited Grandmother Chace, and brought with him Dula, a native of India. It was wonderful to the children to hear this Hindu speak and sing in a foreign language. When older, she helped form a society and raised money to support a zenana teacher.

Mrs. Arnold was taught to believe that money given for missions was spent in other ways instead of taking the Gospel to the heathen, but through the *Morning Star* and other means of knowledge this impression had been corrected. Interest in missions is a part of her religion.

Our meeting was profitable and we hope to prove our attachment to the cause by our works.

Mrs. L. FULLER, *Secretary*.

The Connecticut and Western Rhode Island Woman's Mission Society held its second meeting April 29, at North Foster. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a goodly number convened at half-past one P. M., the hour appointed.

After the opening exercises of singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, the secretary's report was read and accepted. A paper was then read by Mrs. G. H. Child, subject: "Where shall we give and how?" followed by an interesting letter from Mrs. A. H. Morrell, bearing upon the work at Harper's Ferry. Bro. A. H. Morrell supplemented by remarks. After listening to a selection from the HELPER, "The Contribution Box Transformed," a good collection was taken, which with the collection taken at our first meeting, and money sent in by sisters unable to be present, amounted to \$25, which sum was appropriated for the repairing of a room in Lincoln Hall, Harper's Ferry, Va. The sisters are encouraged to go on, taking up some other department of mission work at our next meeting.

Mrs. G. H. CHILD, *Cor. Sec.*

NEW YORK.

From *Our Monthly* it is learned that at a quarterly meeting of the Auxiliary of the Hudson Street Church, Buffalo, with the president, Miss L. A. Ball, a delightful session was held, the attendance being large, and the enthusiasm at high tide. The birthday Band was discussed and commended, and fancy bags or purses distributed for the members to hang in some conspicuous place to receive the offerings of two cents a week which is the condition of membership. This suggests another way for the memory to be quickened. Bags hung in attractive places, boxes with their inviting opening, and envelopes in the upper bureau drawer, each may be made to prompt to the blessed privilege of doing good in a systematic way.

## MICHIGAN.

Grand Rapids Quarterly Meeting Woman's Missionary Society held its May term with the Kent City church, at 10.30 A. M., May 2, Mrs. C. C. Hinman, President, in the chair.

Singing by the choir, reading of the Scripture by Grace Howard, singing, prayer by Mrs. H. M. Howard, address to the society by the Rev. H. Churchill. Annual report of the treasurer read, showing there had been forwarded for home missions \$54.50, and for foreign missions, \$80.50; total, \$135. Elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. C. C. Hinman; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. James Van Osen, Mrs. E. W. Norton; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. F. F. Bailey; Collectors chosen, one for each church of the Quarterly Meeting. Received funds from the churches, and collection taken amounting to \$11 for home missions and \$17 for foreign missions. Of the amounts raised for missions, Mrs. H. M. Howard pays \$25 per year for the support of a zenana teacher in India.

Mrs. F. F. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

A very pleasant and profitable session was held by the Woman's Missionary Society in connection with the Calhoun and North Branch Quarterly Meeting at Cook's Prairie, February 28. A part of the workers were detained by poor roads, but the brethren who are very ready to work helped to make the Saturday evening meeting interesting. The President, Mrs. French, conducted the exercises in her usual happy manner. The choir sung anthems, and there were readings and practical talks, and words of encouragement. The Rev. C. D. Berry made a stirring address. Alice Blair presented a sketch of the life of Ann Hazeltine Judson, and the President read "Home Life in Africa."

The April session of the Q. M. was held at South Litchfield. The ladies of the society were prepared for their public meeting, but on account of the severe storm it was deferred.

Mrs. THEODORE COOK, *Secretary.*

## MINNESOTA.

April 19, another Auxiliary was organized in Hennepin Quarterly Meeting, making the seventh in this Quarterly Meeting, and we feel we have much to be thankful for. This new Auxiliary is at Elk River, about thirty miles from Minneapolis.

The church at this place is but two or three years old, with the Rev. M. H. Tarbox for its pastor.

At Bro. T.'s request we went there April 19th, to assist in holding two missionary meetings, one in the afternoon at a school-house, five miles from Elk River, where he preaches every Sabbath afternoon, and the other in the evening in the church at Elk River. In the evening, after the literary exercises, we organized a Woman's Missionary Society with eighteen members, electing the following officers: President, Mrs. M. H. Tarbox; Vice-President, Mrs. Campbell; Secretary and Agent for MISSIONARY HELPER, Miss Augusta Tarbox; Treasurer, Miss Sarah Watson. Bro. Tarbox is laboring

faithfully in his place, preaching three times every Sabbath and superintending and teaching in Sabbath School. We trust this Auxiliary may be the means of doing much good and encourage the heart of their pastor, and that this little church may grow in strength and usefulness.

April 30, we met with the young ladies of Champlin, in the Free Baptist Church, and organized a Young Ladies' Missionary Society with twenty-three members. Three of these left the Woman's Missionary Society to labor with their young associates, and five of the others are honorary members, young men. This society will meet every two weeks and the members spend their time in devotional exercises, business, and needle work, and will have sales. These young ladies are much interested, and we believe they will be blessed in their labors.

Mrs. A. A. McKENNEY.

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OHIO.

The Richland and Licking Quarterly Meeting met with the Concord Church, May 16 and 17. Saturday evening being given to the Woman's Missionary Society.

Much time and labor had been spent in preparation for it, and it was a grand success. The church was beautifully decorated with appropriate mottoes and evergreen. The concert consisted of recitations, colloquys and readings, interspersed with excellent music, all showing their willingness for work in the mission cause. Mrs. Reeder was with us and encouraged us much. A collection taken at the close amounting to \$7.43 was very welcome. We hope and pray that the missionary spirit may never leave us, and that we may rejoice to be able to help in bringing "All the world for Jesus."

LOUIE ANDREWS, *Corresponding Secretary.*

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ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Larabee, of Meriden, says: "We have organized a society here, and it is in good working order. We meet every month in the afternoon for a business meeting, and have a social every month, and thus raise some money. We have seen already good results."

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NEBRASKA.

Mrs. Murphy, of Adams, writes: "I am glad to report that we have an Auxiliary, called the Grand View Mission, organized May 24. June 7 we held our first entertainment, which was well attended and a good programme carried out. We have twenty-two members, children included. This is new work for most of us, but we bless God that our converts are willing to work and learn. We expect to have our new church ready for dedication by July 1. Collection, \$4.25."

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## Topic for Monthly Meeting.

THEN answered Peter, and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore? — MATT. xix., 27.

# Children's Niche.

## A Missionary Colloquy.

[BY MRS. MARY BRAINARD.]

*To be spoken by young girls in costume.*



### SPAIN.

COME from the land where the light and the  
darkness,

The good and the evil, are ever at strife,  
To plead for the famishing ones e'er they perish;  
For you have the bread and the water of life.

I fled, O my friends, from the cell of a convent,—  
A place where the monk and the priest have  
control,

Where the dark, secret Jesuit holds inquisition,  
To crush out the light of the Lord from the soul.

Oh, send to my people the gospel of Jesus!

Let the words of the Master their fetters unbind:

“Come over and help us”; for dark superstition  
Debauches the soul, and bewilders the mind.

### INDIA.

I come to you from the land of the Veda,

Where the bars of division are stronger than death,  
Where man is feared more than the beast of the jungle,  
Where the ties of affection dissolve at a breath.

Oh! rich in its gems is the home of my childhood;  
Strange flowers spread its landscape, strange stars dot the sky;  
Where nature is crowned as a princess forever,  
In all our green vales, on a mountain so high.

Oh, send to our people the gospel of Jesus,

In all our zenanas to teach of his love!

Oh, tell those who dwell by the glorious Ganges  
Of the River of Life and the Eden above!

CHINA.

I come from the far away Land of the Sunrise,  
Where Buddha is worshiped, and Christ is unknown,  
Where sin hath its root in the heart of the nation,  
And poisons all life from the hut to the throne.

Oh! dark is the fate of the wife and the mother,  
Where the lot of a woman is worse than a slave,  
Enshrouded in gloom, and encircled in sorrow,  
Till love's dearest gift to a girl is the grave.

Oh, send to our people the gospel of Jesus!  
Let our priests and philosophers bow at his feet;  
Let his heralds come to us from over the waters,  
And quickly his offer of mercy repeat.

AFRICA.

I come from a land where darkness has thickly  
Brooded over our tribes like the night of the grave,  
Till the world, in its scorn, has given us only  
The brand of the serf, and the lash of the slave.

Your traders come to us across the wide waters;  
But, oh! 'twas for greed, 'twas for gold, that they came;  
They filled all their ships with our sons and our daughters:  
Their civilization was only a name.

PERSIA.

Oh, send to our people the gospel of Jesus,  
That blesses the nations all over the earth!  
Oh, spread out his banner of mercy above us  
Till the latest-born child of his kingdom has birth!

AMERICA.

Dear sisters, we give you the gospel of Jesus,  
Sent down from the Father above:  
Our hearts have grown glad in the light of his presence  
While telling his story of love.

O, sisters! believe there is rest for the weary,  
There is hope for the sin-darkened soul,  
There is strength for the weak, there are gifts for the needy,  
More precious than silver and gold.

He died to redeem us; now risen in glory,  
 He has triumphed o'er death and the grave:  
 Go home to your people and tell the glad story  
 That Jesus is waiting to save.

—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

THAT was an interesting meeting which this young secretary so happily reports:

The Helping Hands held a public meeting at the Free Baptist Church, West Falmouth, Maine, May 27. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Delia Pearson. It was opened by singing, followed by reading of the Scriptures by the president, and prayer by D. F. Small.

The report of the last meeting was read by the secretary, Laura Hall.

The programme was as follows:

Recitation, "Two Bricks," by Harvey Merrill; select reading, "Socrates Snooks," by Miss Lunt; singing, recitation, by Henry Merrill; reading, "The Children's Crusade," Ethel Patten; singing by little Carrie Hadlock; reading, "The Lighthouse," Florence Patten; recitation, "Go and Teach," George Whitney; playing by Lizzie Huston; reading, "Shall we help the fallen," Ella Whitehouse; recitation, "Giving," by Laura Hall; select reading, "How Tom Sawyer got his Fence Whitewashed," by Cora Blanchard; reading by Annie Purinton. Dana Hall took up a collection amounting to \$2.55. Closed with singing by the choir.

FREEMIE L. SMALL.

## Contributions.

RECEIPTS FROM MAY 1, TO JUNE 1, 1885.

MAINE.			
Anson, Q. M. collection .....	\$3 20	New Portland, Auxiliary.....	1 80
Bowdoinham, Auxiliary, for sup- port of Radlei .....	6 25	North Shapleigh, Auxiliary, for F. M. ....	5 00
Bangor, Auxiliary.....	5 00	Richmond Village, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' salary.....	3 56
Brunswick Village, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' salary.....	9 00	South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for Gouri, and balance L. M. of Mrs. Rufus Burbank .....	15 00
Cornish, Auxiliary.....	3 00	Wells' Branch, Auxiliary, for Miss Bachele .....	5 00
Doughty's Falls, Auxiliary, for Miss Bachele .....	4 50	West Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	6 20
Greene, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' salary, and towards L. M. of Mrs. Susan Royal ..	6 00	NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Harrison, Auxiliary, for Minnie's salary, and towards L. M. of Mrs. Fidelia Gray .....	6 25	Acton and Milton Mills, Auxiliary, for F. M., and balance L. M. of Mrs. M. E. Fox .....	5 00
Kittery Point, Mrs. Julia M. Gra- ham.....	52	Concord, Auxiliary, \$5.00 for Mrs. Lighner's salary....	19 00
Lewiston, Auxiliary, Pine Street Church, balance L. M. of Mrs. O. L. Gile.....	10 00	Danville, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Limerick, Auxiliary, for F. M....	4 00	Deerfield Center, Mrs. Sarah J. Lothrop.....	1 00



Dover, Mrs. M. W. L. Smith, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary . . .	5 00
Laconia, Auxiliary, \$2.00 balance L. M. of Mrs. A. V. Lawrence, and \$3.00 towards L. M. of Mrs. J. F. Merrill . . .	10 00
Litchfield Plains, Auxiliary, for Tipperi . . .	13 00
New Durham Q. M., Woman's Society collection . . .	19 00
Rockingham Q. M., Woman's Society collection . . .	3 41
Walnut Grove, Auxiliary, two quarters . . .	4 50
Woodmans, Mrs. S. D. Meserve .	5 00

## VERMONT.

East Randolph Cheerful Workers, for orphan with Mrs. D. F. Smith . . .	6 25
North Tunbridge, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary . . .	12 50
South Barton, Church, for Mrs. Smith's salary . . .	4 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, Miss L. M. Keach, for Miss H. Phillips' support and toward L. M. of Mrs. M. M. Brewster . . .	1 00
Blackstone, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips' support . . .	6 63
Blackstone, Auxiliary, Miss Frank- lin's salary . . .	4 50
Blackstone, Auxiliary, Busy Bees, Miss Franklin's salary, Miss Ida Phillips' salary, and Ragged Schools, each \$1.25 . .	3 75
Farmusville, Church, Miss H. Phillips' support . . .	1 30

## RHODE ISLAND.

Georgiaville, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$10.00; Miss Franklin's salary, \$2.50; Ragged Schools, \$2.50 . . .	15 00
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North Scituate, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support . . .	2 50
Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support . . .	10 00
South Kingstown, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support . . .	4 00

## NEW YORK.

Poland, Auxiliary, for Ambie's school . . .	7 50
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## INDIANA.

Lagrange, Auxiliary, one-half each F. M. and H. M. western de- partment . . .	13 18
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## MICHIGAN.

Cook's Prairie, Church, one-half each H. M. and F. M. . . .	3 50
Pittsford, Friend of Missions, one- half each, H. M. and F. M. . .	4 00
South Litchfield, Auxiliary, for F. M. . . .	3 00
St. Joseph River, Auxiliary, for H. M. . . .	3 25

## WISCONSIN.

Rochester, Young Ladies' Mis- sionary Circle, for girl's school at Balasore, with Miss I. Phillips . . .	15 00
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## WEST VIRGINIA.

Harper's Ferry, mission meeting collection . . .	3 50
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Total, \$313 55

L. A. DeMERITTE, *Treas.*

## DOVER, N. H.

CORRECTION.—The amount of money credited to the Auxiliary of Main Street Church, Lewiston, Me., in receipts for January, should have been \$13.47.

## W. M. SOCIETY, OHIO ASSOCIATION.

## Receipts for April.

## OHIO.

	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.
Cleveland Auxiliary . . .	5 49		
Cheerful Givers, Cleveland, for N. Phillips' "Industrial" . . .	1 74		
Middleport Church . . .	7 85		
Meigs Q. M. Collection . . .	6 05		
Claridon Auxiliary . . .	1 33	\$1 33	\$ 72
Grand Prairie Auxiliary . . .	7 00	7 00	3 50
Marion Auxiliary . . .	4 56	4 56	2 26
Big Island Auxiliary . . .	52	52	26
Harrisburg Church . . .	2 00		

CLEVELAND, O., March 29, 1895.

Mrs. H. J. COE, *Treas.*

## BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

## Receipts for April.

	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.
Aggregate . . .	\$1,000.01	\$239.07	\$323.40

LEWISTON, Me., May 2.

E. N. FERNALD, *Treas.*

# Sau-ah-brah Oriental Entertainments.

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SAU-AH-BRAH was born in Henthada, Burmah, Farther India, in 1850, and became a convert to Christianity at the age of ten. He was disinherited by his heathen father on account of his conversion to the Christian faith. His boyhood days were spent in mission schools and in traveling with the missionaries, doing Christian work among his benighted people. At the age of twenty he set sail for America to receive a more thorough education.

Since Sau-ah-brah came to this country he has attended Brown University, Newton Theological Seminary, and Jefferson Medical College.

Sau-ah-brah has been received with great enthusiasm in the leading cities throughout America, and thousands of people have flocked to see and hear his "Foreign and Quaint" Oriental Impersonations and Exhibitions.

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## Two Largest Audiences at Chautauqua.

Sau-ah-brah came to Chautauqua this season to surprise, entertain and completely to capture two of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled in our great amphitheatre. The freshness of his subjects, the grace of his movements, the sweetness and power of his voice, the delicacy of his humor, and the richness and variety of his Oriental outfit, far exceeding anything of the kind we have ever seen, render him a most attractive lecturer. Societies and churches will make no mistake in engaging Sau-ah-brah, and if they do not it will be a great loss.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D.

W. A. DUNCAN, *Secretary*.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1884.

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"Sau-ah-brah entertains all, even the children."—*Dr. Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"I knew Sau-ah-brah in Cambridge. His entertainments are superb."—*Dr. Boyd, St. Louis.*

"'Tis like a visit to India itself."—*St. Louis Globe.*

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## Lecture I. Social Life in India.

## Lecture II. Scenes in the Orient.

SAU-AH-BRAH has been engaged by the Publication Committee to give his two lectures at Ocean Park, Maine, Monday and Tuesday evenings, August 3d and 4th.



